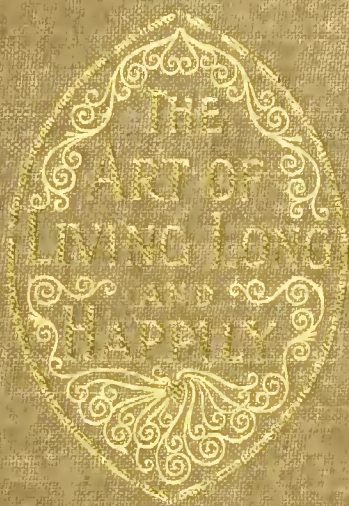
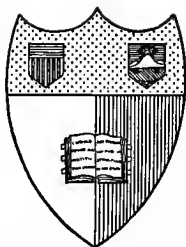


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# THE ART OF LIVING LONG AND HAPPILY

BY

HENRY HARDWICKE

Author of "The Art of Winning Cases, or Modern Advocacy"

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G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

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TO  
MY WIFE





## PREFACE.

“Would'st thou fashion for thyself a seemly  
life ?

Then do not fret over what is past and gone,  
And spite of all thou may'st have lost behind,  
*Live each day as if thy life were just begun.*

What each day wills, enough for thee to know,  
What each day wills the day itself will tell.

Do thine own task, and be therewith content ;  
What others do, that shalt thou fairly judge.

See that thou no brother mortal hate,  
Then, leave all beside, to the Master Power.”

GOETHE.

There are many people who believe that the pursuit of happiness, and of health, cannot be reduced to an art ; that man cannot, by exercising his faculties, mitigate his pains and multiply his pleasures.

To such grave and learned authorities might be opposed counterbalancing authorities. From Socrates to our own immortal Franklin, the wisest and best men have be-

lieved that men may be directed in the art and instructed in the science of happiness. The men who have entertained this opinion have been the wisest and the best of the human race, and, it may be said, that they were not all surrounded by those happy circumstances which would naturally inspire the same philosophy. They were men who had experienced all the conditions of life. It seems as if nature had studied to prove by great examples that our happiness depends upon our *reason* more than upon our *circumstances*. Epictetus lived a slave, in chains, and Marcus Aurelius on a throne. And yet both were supremely happy.

The illustrious philosophers of Greece have merited the veneration of ages, by indicating principles, the practice of which would render men better and more happy. Their glory is not founded on their physics, now known to be full of errors, or their metaphysics, so often puerile, but upon those teachings which conducted their pupils to happiness.

Socrates chiefly esteemed the science which teaches us how to live as we ought.

Strange to say, we speak of those sciences which they held in light esteem, with enthusiasm, while we regard as comparatively un-

important those studies which they judged alone worthy of human nature.

All arts are difficult of acquirement, and this art is not an exception. But teachers do not cease to teach because all their pupils do not become as learned as they could wish. As an excellent writer says : " Suppose it had been said to the ancient philosophers : ' You will never reform the human race ; and instead of profitless dreams about wisdom and happiness you ought to desist from subjects so futile, and consecrate your vigils to sciences more worthy to occupy your thoughts.' Would they not have smiled with pity upon such counsel ? Had they deigned to reply, would they not have said : ' We are well aware that we shall not purify the heart of the wicked of its pride, envy, cupidity ; but shall we derive no glory from having confirmed some good men in their career ? In the midst of storms we felt our energies invigorated as we perceived that our spirits were in accordance with theirs. However feeble may have been the influence of our writings, affront not humanity by supposing that ours, however partial may have been their circulation, will nowhere find minds worthy to profit by them. Perhaps they will kindle the holy love of virtue in some of

those who may read them in the youthful age of unsophisticated and generous resolutions. Few, who read, will practise our doctrine in all its extent. Almost every one will be indebted to it for some solitary principles. It is possible we may never have numerous disciples. But we shall have some in all countries and in all times. It is a truth that ought to satisfy us, that such discussions are based neither upon exaggeration nor revery. The science of happiness would indeed be chimerical if we expected that it would impart the same charms to all predicaments in which our lot might cast us. Instead of indulging such visionary hopes, if these discussions dissipate the errors which veil the true good from our eyes, if we learn to bring together all the easy and innocent pleasures, and to render the painful moments of life more rapid, we have been taught an art which it is possible to demonstrate and improve to an indefinite extent.' "

The author has not omitted useful suggestions, although they may seem commonplace. The didactic form of the work has permitted him to give the facts which he has collected with great condensation and directness.

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# THE ART OF LIVING LONG AND HAPPILY.

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## CHAPTER I.

HAPPINESS SHOULD BE SYSTEMATICALLY  
PURSUED.

“I have never spent an unhappy day in my life,” said a learned Frenchman, who lived to an advanced age, honored and respected by all who knew him. The experience of this man shows that it is not absolutely impossible to be almost entirely free from sorrow.

That much rational enjoyment may be obtained by the systematic pursuit of happiness, there can be no doubt. It is also true, that many sorrows may be avoided by attending to the precepts of the wise upon the art of living well. And yet, strange to say, there are many people, who believe that all theoretical discussions of the pursuit of happiness,

are profitless ; that the world is growing older, but not wiser ; that nothing may be learned from the experience of others ; that men are not more successful in the pursuit of happiness now, than they were in the remotest periods of recorded history. They contend that man has always been the sport of accident, the slave of his passions and the creature of circumstances. They insist upon the inefficacy of the lights of reason, philosophy, and religion, judging from the little illumination which they have shed, hitherto, upon the paths of life.

They might, on the same ground, and on the same reasoning, declaim against every attempt, in any form, to render the world wiser, happier, and better. They might, with equal propriety, say silence the press, close the pulpit, cease from parental discipline, moral suasion, and the training of education. The world will go on as before, do what you will ! The absurdity of such language is apparent. Shall we do nothing, because we cannot do everything ? Shall the laws be abolished because they do not entirely prevent crime ? As a writer has said : " Because the million float towards the invisible future without any pole star, or guided only by the presumption of general opinion, is it proof

conclusive that none have been rendered happier in consequence of having followed wiser guidance, and pursued happiness by system?

Such is the belief of many people. Others, who are wiser, think that such views are erroneous; that much suffering may be avoided, and that every day we meet with visible proofs that men may learn how to be happy; that we are to blame for the greater portion of human suffering, because of our ignorance and mistaken views, and that it is an unnecessary mixture of bitterness in the cup of human life, and one writer goes so far as to say: "I firmly believe that the greater number of deaths, instead of being the result of specific diseases, to which they are attributed, are really caused by a series of imperceptible malign influences, springing from corroding cares, griefs, and disappointments. To say that more than half of the human race die of sorrow, and a broken heart, or in some way fall victims to their passions, may seem like advancing a revolting doctrine; but it is, nevertheless, in my mind, a simple truth."

"We do not *see* the operations of grief upon some one or all the countless frail and delicate constituents of human life. But if physiology could look through the infinitely complicated web of our structure with the

power of the solar microscope, it would behold every chagrin searing some nerve, paralyzing the action of some organ, or closing some capillary; and that every sigh draws its drop of life blood from the heart. Nature is slow in resenting her injuries; but the memory of them is indelibly impressed, and treasured up for a late, but certain revenge. Nervousness, lowness of spirits, headache, and all the countless train of morbid and deranged corporeal and mental action, are, at once, the cause and the effect of sorrow and anxiety, increased by a constant series of action and reaction. Thought and care become impressed upon the brow. The bland essence of cheerfulness evaporates. The head becomes shorn of its locks; and the frosts of winter gather on the temple. These concurrent influences silently sap the stamina of life; until, aided by some adventitious circumstance, which we call cold, fever, epidemic, dyspepsia—death lays his hand upon the frame that by the sorrows and cares of life was prepared for his dread office. The bills of mortality assign a name to the mortal disease different from the true one.

*“Cheerfulness and equanimity are about the only traits that have invariably marked*

*the life of those who have lived to extreme old age. Nothing is more clearly settled by experience than that grief acts as a slow poison, not only in the immediate infliction of pain, but in gradually impairing the powers of life, and in subtracting from the sum of our days."*

If, then, by any process of instruction, discipline, and mental force, we can influence our circumstances, banish grief and create cheerfulness, we can, in the same degree, reduce rules for the pursuit of happiness to a system, and make that system a matter of science. Can we not do this? The very million who deride the idea of seeking for enjoyment through the medium of instruction, unconsciously exercise the power in question to a certain extent, though not to the extent of which they are capable. All those wise individuals who have travelled with equanimity and cheerfulness through the diversified scenes of life, making the most of its good, and the least of its evils, bear a general testimony to the truth of this act. We find in them a conviction that they had such power, and a force of character that enabled them to act according to their convictions.

No matter how many of the pleasures of life we enjoy, or how rich and elevated we

may be, a nameless something is always wanting to our imperfect fortune. All desire money. But "a wise man will desire no more than he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly."

Our most common sufferings come from desires which surpass our ability to satisfy them. An ancient writer relates that Oramazes appeared to Usbeck, the virtuous, and said: "Form a wish and I will grant it." The sage replied: "Source of light, I only wish to limit my desires by those things which nature has rendered indispensable."

It should not be supposed, however, that a negative happiness, a condition exempt from suffering, is the most fortunate condition to which we may aspire. The advocates for this gloomy system have but poorly studied the nature of man. If he is mistaken in desiring positive enjoyments, if his highest aim ought to be, to live free from pain, the caves of the forest are best suited to him for a dwelling-place.

"Bounded by the present, animals sleep, eat, procreate, live without inquietude, and die without regret; and this is the perfection of negative happiness. Man, it is true, loses himself in vain projects. His long remembrances, his keen foresight, create him

suffering in the past and the future. His imagination brings forth errors, his liberty crimes. But the abuse of his faculties does not disprove their excellence. Let him consecrate to directing them aright that time which he has hitherto lost in mourning over their aberrations, and he will have reason to be grateful to the Creator for having given him the most exalted rank among sublunary beings. If, on the other hand, he chooses to abandon that rank, of which he ought to be proud, he will degrade his immortal nature at his own cost; and will only add to his other evils the shame of wishing to render himself vile."

The absence of suffering and a negative happiness are not sufficient for man. His noble faculties refuse the repose of indifference.

Created to aspire to whatever may be an element of enjoyment, let him cherish desires, if they do not lead him beyond the bounds prescribed by Christianity.

We should beware, however, of aspiring after perfect happiness. The object of the art of happiness is to indicate desirable situations, to guide us towards them when they offer, and to remove the vexations of life. By far the greater part of mankind might

exist in comfort. They fail of this in aiming at impracticable amelioration of their condition. It is the essence of folly to contemplate only the dark side of our lives, and it is a mark of strength and wisdom rather to exaggerate our advantages when indulging in self-communion upon the state of our affairs.

“The habit of looking on the best side of every event is worth more than one thousand pounds a year,” says Dr. Johnson, and it is true. A propensity to hope and joy is better than wealth, but one to fear and sorrow is worse than poverty.

We should carefully ascertain what things are necessary to our well-being, and discipline all our desires towards their acquisition.

In enumerating the essentials of happiness, without the spirit of system, the author would mention cheerfulness, independence, health, competence, friendship, and knowledge.

In this country there are few who cannot reasonably hope to acquire them, and if they fail to do so, the want may be often traced to some neglect of their own. Health, of course, is not always within our power, for we may have inherited a constitution vitiated



and unhealthy, or we may lose it by some accident, or by the influence of causes beyond our control. But for one person who is afflicted with want of health, at least a hundred are so from causes which they may trace to their own mismanagement. Any physician of reputation will endorse this statement.

The things indispensable to happiness are far more subject to our command than we sometimes imagine. Undoubtedly happiness pursued upon philosophical principles would free us from half our sorrows here below.

It is a mistake, too, to suppose that the art of happiness has never been taught. The wise men of Greece investigated the science of happiness as eloquently and profoundly as they studied the other sciences, and they wisely held the latter in estimation only so far as they were subservient to the former. And in all succeeding ages there have been a few men who have regarded all their faculties, their advantages of nature and fortune, their studies and acquirements, not as ends in themselves, but as means conducive to the right pursuit of happiness.

The imaginary ills of life are more troublesome than those which are real. One of the chief secrets of happiness lies in not suffering

trifles to vex us, and in prudently cultivating the small pleasures of life, since great ones are so rare.

Our Creator, being infinitely good, as well as wise, must have created man to be happy. "Yet the earth resounds with the complaints of the unhappy, although they are encompassed with the means of enjoyment, of which they appear to know neither the value nor the use. They resemble the shipwrecked mariner, on a desert isle, surrounded with fruits, of the flavors and properties of which he is ignorant, as he is doubtful whether they offer aliment or poison."

Says the same writer: "I was early impelled to investigate the character and motives of the crowd around me, eagerly rushing forward in pursuit of happiness. I soon noted multitudes relinquishing the chase in indolent despondency. They affirmed to me that they no longer believed in the existence of happiness. I felt an insatiate craving, and saw life through the illusive coloring of youth. Unwilling to resign my hopes, I inquired of others, who seemed possessed of greater strength of mind, and more weight of character, if they could guide me to the place of happiness? Some answered with an ill-concealed smile of derision, and others

with bitterness. They declared that in their view the pleasures of life were more than counterbalanced by its pains. Because they were disappointed and discouraged, they deemed that their superior wisdom had enabled them to strip off the disguises of life, and contemplate it with sullen resignation.

“I remarked others in high places whose restless activity and brilliance dazzled the multitude and inspired envy. I eagerly asked of them the secret of happiness. Too proud and self-satisfied to dissemble, they made little effort to conceal their principles. I saw their hearts contracted by the vileness of egotism, and devoured with measureless ambition. A faithful scrutiny, which penetrated beyond their dazzling exterior, showed me the righteous reaction of their principles, and convinced me that they suffered according to their deserts. Weary and disheartened, I left them, and repaired to the class of stern and austere moralists. They represented the world to me as a melancholy and mysterious valley, through which the sojourner passes, groaning on his way to the grave. Their doctrines inspired me at once with sadness and terror. I soon resumed the elastic confidence of youth, and replied: ‘I will never believe that the Author of my

being, who has imaged in my heart such pure and tranquil pleasures, who has rendered me capable of chaste love, and of friendship in its sanctity, who has formed us innocent before we could practise virtue, and who has connected the salutary bitterness of repentance with errors, has unalterably willed our misery.'

"Thence I passed to the opposite extreme, and accosted a gay and reckless throng, whose deportment showed that they had found the object of my pursuit. I discovered them to be fickle by character, and vacillating from indifference. They had only escaped the errors of the moralists, by substituting, in place of their austere maxims, enjoyments without any regard to consequences. I asked them to point me to happiness. Without comprehending the import of my question, they offered me participation in their pleasures. But I saw them prodigal of life, dissipating years in a few days, and reserving the remnant of their existence for unavailing repentance.

"In view of so many observations, I abandoned the idea of guiding my researches by the counsels of others; and began to inquire for the secret in my own bosom. I heard the multitude around me complaining, in

disappointment and discouragement. I resolved that I would not commence the pursuit of happiness by seriously following in their beaten path. I determined to reflect, and patiently investigate a question of so much moment. I detected at once the error of the common impression, that pleasure and happiness are the same. The former, fickle and fleeting, assumes forms as various as human caprice; and its most attractive charm is novelty. The object which gives it birth to-day, ceases to please, or inspires disgust to-morrow. The perception of happiness is not thus changeable and transient. It creates the consciousness of an existence so tranquil and satisfying, that the longer we experience it the more we desire to prolong its duration."

Another mistaken though common impression is, that the more profoundly we reflect, and make the pursuit of happiness a study, the less we shall be likely to enjoy. This is an error not only in regard to happiness, but even pleasure. If it be innocent and exempt from danger, to analyze it, and reason upon it, so far from diminishing, prolongs the delight, and renders it higher. Without reflection we only skim its surface; we do not penetrate, and enjoy it.

Let us observe the few who have acquired the wisdom to enjoy that existence, which the multitude waste. In their festal unions of friendship, let us mark the development of their desire to multiply the happy moments of life. By what ingenious and pleasant discussions do they heighten the charms of their conditions? With what delicacy of tact do they analyze their enjoyments, and taste them with a more prolonged and exquisite relish? With what skill do they discipline themselves sometimes to efface the images of the future, that nothing may embitter or distract their relish of the present; and sometimes to invoke remembrances and hopes, to impart to it still brighter embellishments?

Contrary to the prevalent impression, I therefore deem that, to reflect much upon it, is one of the wisest means in the pursuit of happiness. The first analysis of reflection, it is true, dispels the charm with which youth invests existence. It forces the conviction upon us, that the pleasures of life are less durable, and its forms more numerous and prolonged, than we had anticipated. The first result of the process is discouragement. But, as we continue to reflect, objects change their aspect a second time. The evils which

at first glance seemed so formidable, lose a portion of their terrific semblance; and the fleeting pleasures of existence receive new attractions from their analogy to human weakness.

The motto of the Greek philosopher, "know thyself," was an exceedingly wise one. It is in converse with ourselves that we give a right direction to the mind, elevation to the soul, and gentleness and firmness to the character.

We should look upon life as a book in which we read a page every day. Every instructive incident that passes should be noted.

Marcus Aurelius, the wise and good philosopher, took great delight in converse with himself; and learned to find enjoyment in the present by extracting from the past lessons for the future.

No person of sensibility and sense can fail to be affected by the account which he gives of all those persons whose teachings had concurred to form his character and manners. He says: "I learned of my grandfather, Verus, to be gentle and complaisant.

"The reputation which my father left, and the memory of his good actions which has been preserved, taught me modesty. My

mother formed me to piety, taught me to be liberal, and not even to meditate, still less, to do a wrong.

“ I owe it to my governor that I am patient of labor, indulge few wants, know how to work with my own hands, meddle with no business that does not concern me, and give no encouragement to informers.

“ Diognetus taught me not to be amused with frivolities, to yield no credit to charlatans and enchanters, and to have no faith in conjurations, demons, and superstitions of that sort. I learned of him to permit every one to speak to me with entire freedom, and to apply myself wholly to philosophy.

“ Rusticus made me perceive that I needed to correct my manners, that I ought to avoid the pride of the sophists, and not use effort to inspire the people with admiration of my patience and austerity of life; to be always ready to pardon those who had offended me, and to receive them kindly whenever they were disposed to resume their former intercourse.

“ I learned of Appollonius to be at the same time frank and firm in my designs, to follow no guide but my reason, even in the smallest matters, and to be always composed, even under the most acute sufferings. By



his example, I was instructed that it is possible to be at once severe and gentle.

“Sextus taught me to govern my house as a good father; to preserve a simple gravity without affectation; to attempt to divine and anticipate the wishes and necessities of my friends; to endure with calmness and patience, the ignorant and presumptuous who speak without thinking what they say; and to sustain relations of kindness with all.

“I learned from Alexander, the grammarian, in disputation to use no injurious words in reply to my antagonist.

“Fronto taught me to know that kings are surrounded by the envious, by knaves and hypocrites.

“Alexander, the Platonist, instructed me never to say or to write to any person interceding for my interest, ‘I have had no time to attend to your affairs,’ nor to allege as an excuse, ‘I have been overwhelmed with business,’ but to be always prompt to render all those good offices which the bands of society demand.

“I owe to my brother, Severus, the love which I have for truth and justice. From him I derived the desire to govern my states by equal laws, and to reign in such a manner

as that my subjects might possess perfect liberty.

“ I thank the Divinity for having given me virtuous ancestors, a good father, a good mother, good preceptors and good friends; in a word, all the good things I could have desired. In the language of an able writer :

“ ‘ A crowd of such useful thoughts cannot but flow from such self-converse. Hold every day one of these solitary conversations with yourself. This is the way in which to attain the highest relish of existence ; and, if I may so say, to cast anchor in the river of life.’ ”

Throughout the whole course of his life, the wise and good Benjamin Franklin, whom Americans will always delight to honor, made it a practice to commune with himself daily. In his charming *Autobiography* he tells us how he endeavored to arrive at moral perfection. He says :

“ It was about this time I conceived the bold and arduous project of arriving at *moral perfection*. I wished to live without committing any fault at any time, and to conquer all that either natural inclination, custom, or company, might lead me into. As I knew, or thought I knew, what was right and wrong, I did not see why I might

not *always* do the one and avoid the other. But I soon found I had undertaken a task of more difficulty than I had imagined. While my attention was taken up, and care employed in guarding against one fault, I was often surprised by another; habit took the advantage of inattention; inclination was sometimes too strong for reason. I concluded, at length, that the mere speculative conviction, that it was our interest to be completely virtuous, was not sufficient to prevent our slipping; and that the contrary habits must be broken, and good ones acquired and established, before we can have any dependence on a steady, uniform rectitude of conduct. For this purpose I therefore tried the following method.

“In the various enumerations of the *moral virtues* I had met with in my reading, I found the catalogue more or less numerous, as different writers included more or fewer ideas under the same name. *Temperance*, for example, was by some confined to eating and drinking; while by others it was extended to mean the moderating every other pleasure, appetite, inclination, or passion, bodily or mentally, even to our avarice and ambition. I proposed to myself, for the sake of clearness, to use rather more names, with

fewer ideas annexed to each, than a few names with more ideas; and I included under thirteen names of virtues, all that at that time occurred to me as necessary or desirable; and annexed to each a short precept, which fully expressed the extent I gave to its meaning.

“The names of *virtues*, with their precepts, were:

“1. TEMPERANCE.—Eat not to dullness; drink not to elevation.

“2. SILENCE.—Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

“3. ORDER.—Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.

“4. RESOLUTION.—Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

“5. FRUGALITY.—Make no expense but to do good to others or yourself; that is, waste nothing.

“6. INDUSTRY.—Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.

“7. SINCERITY.—Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and, if you speak, speak accordingly;

“ 8. JUSTICE.—Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

“ 9. MODERATION.—Avoid extremes ; forbear resenting injuries, so much as you think they deserve.

“ 10. CLEANLINESS.—Tolerate no uncleanness in body, clothes, or habitation.

“ 11. TRANQUILLITY.—Be not disturbed at trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.

“ 12. CHASTITY. . . . .

“ 13. HUMILITY.—Imitate Jesus and Socrates.

“My intention being to acquire the habitude of all these virtues, I judged it would be well not to distract my attention by attempting the whole at once, but to fix it on *one* of them at a time ; and when I should be master of that, then to proceed to another ; and so on, until I should have gone on through the thirteen. And, as the previous acquisition of some might facilitate the acquisition of certain others, I arranged them with that view, as they stand above. *Temperance* first, as it tends to procure that coolness and clearness of head which is so necessary, where constant vigilance was to be kept up, and a guard maintained against the unremitting attrac-

tion of ancient habits and the force of perpetual temptations. This being acquired and established, *Silence* would be more easy ; and my desire being to gain knowledge, at the same time that I improved in virtue, and considering that in conversation it was obtained rather by the use of the ear than of the tongue, and therefore wishing to break a habit I was getting into of prattling, punning, and jesting, which only made me acceptable to trifling company, I gave *Silence* the second place. This and the next, *Order*, I expected would allow me more time for attending to my project and my studies. *Resolution*, once become habitual, would keep me firm in my endeavors to obtain all the subsequent virtues ; *Frugality* and *Industry* relieving me from any remaining debt, and producing affluence and independence, would make more easy the practice of *Sincerity* and *Justice*, etc., etc.

“Conceiving, then, . . . that daily examination would be necessary, I contrived the following method for conducting that examination.

“I made a little book, in which I allotted a page for each of the virtues. I ruled each page with red ink, so as to have seven columns, one for each day of the week, mark-

ing each column with a letter for the day. I crossed these columns with thirteen red lines, marking the beginning of each line

## FORM OF THE PAGES.

## TEMPERANCE.

*Eat not to dullness ; drink not to elevation.*

	Sun.	M.	T.	W.	Th.	F.	S.
Tem.							
Sil.	*	*		*		*	
Ord.	*	*			*	*	*
Res.		*				*	
Fru.		*				*	
Ind.			*				
Sinc.							
Jus.							
Mod.							
Clea.							
Tran.							
Chas.	.						
Hum.							

with the first letter of one of the virtues ; on which line and in its proper column, I might mark, by a little black spot, every fault I

found upon examination to have been committed respecting that virtue, upon that day.

“I determined to give a week’s strict attention to each of the virtues successively. Thus, in the first week, my great guard was to avoid even the least offence against *Temperance*; leaving other virtues to their ordinary chance, only marking every evening the faults of the day. Thus, if in the first week I could keep my first line, marked T, clear of spots, I supposed the habit of that virtue so much strengthened, and its opposite weakened, that I might venture extending my attention to include the next, and for the following week keep both lines clear of spots. Proceeding thus to the last, I could get through a course complete in thirteen weeks, and four courses in a year. And like him, who, having a garden to weed, does not attempt to eradicate all the bad herbs at once, which would exceed his reach and his strength, but works on one of the beds at a time, and, having accomplished the first, proceeds to the second; so I should have, I hoped, the encouraging pleasure of seeing on my pages the progress made in virtue, by clearing successively my lines of their spots; till in the end, by a number of courses, I



should be happy in viewing a clean book, after a thirteen weeks' daily examination."

That Franklin attached great importance to this plan, will be seen from what he says in the following passage:

*"It may be well my posterity should be informed, that to this little artifice, with the blessing of God, their ancestor owed the constant felicity of his life, down to his seventy-ninth year, in which this is written. What reverses may attend the remainder is in the hand of Providence; but, if they arrive, the reflection on past happiness enjoyed ought to help his bearing them with more resignation. To Temperance he ascribes his long-continued health, and what is still left to him of a good constitution; to Industry and Frugality the early easiness of his circumstances and acquisition of his fortune, with all that knowledge that enabled him to be a useful citizen, and obtained for him some degree of reputation among the learned; to Sincerity and Justice, the confidence of his country, and the honorable employs it conferred upon him; and to the joint influence of the whole mass of the virtues, even in the imperfect state he was able to acquire them, all that evenness of temper, and that cheerfulness in conversation, which makes his*

company still sought for, and agreeable even to his young acquaintance. I hope, therefore, that some of my descendants may follow the example and reap the benefit."





## CHAPTER II.

### HAPPINESS DERIVED FROM BOOKS.

The happiness derived from good books, to the intelligent, is incalculably great. Gibbon said that he would not exchange his love of books for "the wealth of the Indies."

Wisdom can only be gained by the diligent study of books, and Solomon, the wisest of men, expressly promises long life, riches, and honor to the man who finds her, and he sings her praises in language which cannot be repeated too often :

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom,  
And the man that getteth understanding :  
For the merchandise of it is better than silver,  
And the gain thereof than fine gold.  
She is more precious than rubies ;  
*And all the things thou canst desire are not to be  
compared unto her.*  
*Length of days is in her right hand,*  
*And in her left hand riches and honor.*  
*Her ways are ways of pleasantness,*  
*And all her paths are peace."*

Here we have an epitome of the art of living long and happily, given us by the wisest of men.

In the unlearned man the intellectual faculties sleep. When his appetites are satisfied, he sees neither pleasures to desire, nor pains to fear. He is only conversant with the pleasures of the senses. Of the pleasures of the imagination, or those of the intellect, he neither knows nor cares nothing.

This negative happiness would bring desolation to the heart of an educated man.

Every day he experiences a new craving, which occupation, grave or pleasant, but rapidly changed and renewed can alone appease.

Ennui, after vice, is the greatest enemy to happiness. A writer says: "Some escape it without seeming calculation. My neighbor every morning turns over twenty gazettes, the state articles of which are copied the one from the other. Economizing the pleasure of this reading, and gravely reposing in the intervals, he communicates, sometimes with an oracular tone, sometimes with a modest reserve, his reflections to those who surround him; and, at length, leaves the reading-room with the importance of one who feels that he has discharged a debt to society."

A man may date defiance to the fear of the

weight of time from the moment in which he feels sincere pleasure in cultivating his mind. He has the magic key which unlocks the exhaustless treasury of happiness. He may then live in the age and country which he prefers without regard to time and space. He questions, and receives satisfactory answers, from the wise and good of all ages and countries.

In the republic of letters men of genius are chiefs. Every man stands upon his merit, and receives his just meed of praise. As a reward for their toils in behalf of their kind, they have pleasures reserved for themselves alone. What a sublime sentiment must have elevated the spirit of Newton when a part of the mysterious laws of the universe first dawned on his mind !

Books are the legacies which men of talent bequeath to mankind, to be handed down from generation to generation, as rich gifts to those unborn.

Books of a scientific character add greatly to the interest and variety of life. It is a great mistake to suppose the sciences dry, difficult or prosaic. Many of them may be easily acquired, and they will be found of great interest even to the general reader. We should endeavor to know something of

all the arts and sciences, and everything of the one which is most important to us in our professions or occupations.

The debt which we owe to science was eloquently described by Archdeacon Farrar, in his address at Liverpool College, some years ago. He said :

“ In this great commercial city, where you are surrounded by the triumphs of science and of mechanism, you, whose river is plowed with the great steamships whose white wake has been called the fittest avenue to the palace front of a mercantile people—you know well that in the achievements of science there is not only beauty and wonder, but also beneficence and power. It is not only that she has revealed to us infinite space crowded with unnumbered worlds ; infinite time peopled by unnumbered existences ; infinite organisms hitherto invisible but full of delicate and iridescent loveliness ; but also that she has been, as a great Archangel of Mercy, devoting herself to the service of man. She has labored, her votaries have labored, not to increase the power of despots or add to the magnificence of courts, but to extend human happiness, to economize human effort, to extinguish human pain. Where, of old, men toiled, half blinded and half

naked, in the mouth of the glowing furnace to mix the white-hot iron, she now substitutes the mechanical action of the viewless air. She has enlisted the sunbeam in her service to limn for us, with absolute fidelity, the faces of the friends we love. She has shown the poor miner how he may work in safety, even amid the explosive fire-damp of the mine. She has, by her anæsthetics, enabled the sufferer to be hushed and unconscious while the delicate hand of some skilled operator cuts a fragment from the nervous circle of the unquivering eye. She points not to pyramids built during weary centuries by the sweat of miserable nations, but to the lighthouse, and the steamship, to the railroad and the telegraph. She has restored eyes to the blind and hearing to the deaf. She has lengthened life, she has minimized danger, she has controlled madness, and trampled on disease. And on all these grounds, I think that none of our sons should grow up wholly ignorant of studies which at once train the reason and fire the imagination, which fashion as well as forge, which can feed as well as fill, the mind."

The variety of knowledge is endless, and the student is never at a loss for mental aliment.

“ We may sit in our library and yet be in all quarters of the earth. We may travel round the world with Captain Cook or Darwin, with Kingsley or Ruskin, who will show us much more perhaps than ever we should see for ourselves. The world itself has no limits for us ; Humboldt and Herschel will carry us far away to the mysterious nebulæ, far beyond the sun and even the stars ; time has no more bounds than space ; history stretches out behind us, and geology will carry us back for millions of years before the creation of man, even to the origin of the material Universe itself. We are not limited even to one plane of thought. Aristotle and Plato will transport us into a sphere none the less delightful because it requires some training to appreciate it. We may make a library, if we do but rightly use it, a true paradise on earth, a garden of Eden without its one drawback, for all is open to us, including and especially the fruit of the tree of knowledge of which we are told that our first mother sacrificed all the rest. Here we may read the most important histories, the most exciting volumes of travels and adventures, the most interesting stories, the most beautiful poems ; we may meet the most eminent statesmen and poets and philosophers, bene-



fit by the ideas of the greatest thinkers, and enjoy all the greatest creations of human genius."

By reading the experiences recorded in the biographies of individuals and the history of nations, a young man may become old without wrinkles or gray hairs, and he has all the privileges of age without the infirmities and inconveniences incident to that period of life.

Isaac Walton says: "He that loveth a book will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counsellor, a cheerful companion, an effectual comforter. By study, by reading, by thinking, one may innocently divert and pleasantly entertain himself, as in all weathers, so in all fortunes."

Macaulay's love of reading is well known. It was one of the chief elements of happiness in his life.

Sir G. Trevelyan says of his love of reading: "Of the feelings which Macaulay entertained toward the great minds of bygone ages it is not for any one except himself to speak. He has told us how his debt to them was incalculable; how they guided him to truth; how they filled his mind with noble and graceful images; how they stood by him in all vicissitudes—comforters in sorrow,

nurses in sickness, companions in solitude, the old friends who are never seen with new faces ; who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity. Great as were the honors and possessions which Macaulay acquired by his pen, all who knew him were well aware that the titles and rewards which he gained by his own works were as nothing in the balance as compared with the pleasure he derived from the works of others."

As long ago as 1473, Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, wrote in praise of books : " These are the masters who instruct us without rods and ferules, without hard words and anger, without clothes or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep ; if investigating you interrogate them, they conceal nothing ; if you mistake them, they never grumble ; if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you."

Petrarch had such a love of books that he regarded them as real friends. He says of them : " I have friends whose society is extremely agreeable to me ; they are of all ages and of every country. They have distinguished themselves both in the cabinet and in the field, and obtained high honors for their knowledge of the sciences. It is

easy to gain access to them, for they are always at my service, and I admit them to my company, and dismiss them from it, whenever I please. They are never troublesome, but immediately answer every question I ask them. Some relate to me the events of past ages, while others reveal to me the secrets of Nature. Some teach me how to live, and others how to die. Some by their vivacity drive away my cares and exhilarate my spirits; while others give fortitude to my mind, and teach me the important lesson how to restrain my desires, and to depend wholly on myself. They open to me, in short, the various avenues of all the arts and sciences, and upon their information I may safely rely in all emergencies. In return for all their services, they only ask me to accommodate them with a convenient chamber in some corner of my humble habitation, where they may repose in peace; for these friends are more delighted by the tranquillity of retirement than with the tumults of society."

If books of a moral and religious character are not circulated more widely in this country among the masses, and the people do not become more moral and religious, it is difficult to tell what will become of us as a

nation. If the Bible and other good books do not reach every home, literature of a licentious character will. If the power of the gospel is not felt throughout the country, anarchy and misrule, misery and corruption will assuredly reign.

The best books may now be had for such a small price that the poorest mechanic should be able to have a library.

Many of our young people think they are educated when they leave school or college. The collegiate training which they have received, has, on the contrary, only prepared them to become educated. As Carlyle truly says: "After all manner of professors have done their best for us, the place we are to get knowledge is in books.—The true university of these days, is a good collection of books." Education is to the human soul, what sculpture is to a block of marble. The wise, the great, the good, the statesman, the hero and the saint, very often lie concealed and hid in a man of obscure origin, which a proper education might have disinterred and brought to light. We have no material which should be wasted. There is still room for men like Lincoln and Garfield and the host of great men who have preceded them.

There can be no greater and nobler work in

the world, and no greater political wisdom, than to rear and build up man, and to form and fashion him to piety, justice and temperance, and all kinds of honest and worthy actions.

Our common school system of public instruction should be the first object of our state governments. The greater the number of schoolhouses, the fewer will be the jails and almshouses.





## CHAPTER III.

### CHEERFULNESS.

King George the Third was deeply interested in the study of longevity, and he made its causes a subject of careful investigation. On one occasion he procured two persons, each considerably more than a hundred years of age, to dance in his presence. He then asked them to relate their modes of living, that, if possible, he might draw from them some clue to the causes of their vigorous old age. The one had been a shepherd, remarkably temperate and circumspect in his diet and regimen; the other a hedger, equally noted for the irregularity, exposure and intemperance of his life. The monarch could draw no inferences, to guide his inquiries, from such different modes of life, terminating in the same result. On further inquiry, however, he learned, that they were alike distinguished by a tranquil easiness of temper, active habits, and early rising.

So far as the author's observation and reading extend, there are three circumstances which have almost invariably accompanied health and longevity. These aged persons have lived in elevated, rather than in low and marshy situations; have been possessed of a cheerful and tranquil temperament, and active habits; and have been early risers. People who are cheerful and light-hearted, undoubtedly live longer and more happily than those of a sorrowful and melancholy disposition.

Shakespeare says: "A light heart lives long," and we are told by the Bible that, "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit drieth up the bones." The lives of centenarians proves conclusively the truth of the scriptural observations. Lord Bacon also observes, that, "*to be free-minded and cheerfully disposed at hours of meals, and of sleep, and of exercise, is one of the best precepts of long lasting.*"

Fortunately cheerfulness may be cultivated, and no matter how sad or morose a man may be, he can become happy and cheerful if he will only try, and when once acquired it is a jewel of inestimable value. Montaigne says: "The highest wisdom is continual cheerfulness, and that such a state, like

the region above the moon, is always clear and serene."

Sadness is unnatural; cheerfulness natural. Ruskin says: "Cheerfulness is as natural to the heart of a man in strong health, as color to his cheek; and wherever there is habitual gloom, there must be either bad air, unwholesome food, improperly severe labor, or erring habits of life."

We should be cheerful always. There is no road but will be easier travelled, no work but will be better done, no load but will be lighter, no shadow on heart and brain but will lift sooner for a person of determined cheerfulness.

We must often console ourselves with the words of the poet,

"Be still, sad heart, and cease repining,  
Behind the cloud, the sun's still shining,  
Thy fate is the common lot of all,  
Into each life some rain must fall."

The habit of looking for the silver lining of the cloud, and when it is found, of continuing to look at it, rather than at the leaden gray in the middle, will help us over many hard places.

Even the sad, dyspeptic Carlyle, rec-



ognized the value of cheerfulness, for he says of it: "Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous; a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright."

"Again he says: "Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, and its power of endurance—the cheerful man will do more in the same time, will do it better, will persevere in it longer, than the sad or sullen."

He says also: "Oh, give us the man who sings at his work."





## CHAPTER IV.

### THE PLEASURES OF DUTY.

There is no nobler word in the English language than duty. Without the performance of duty, there can be no happiness. We can face or fly from every evil, except the consciousness of duty unperformed. As Sir John Lubbock says: "We ought not to picture Duty to ourselves, or to others, as a stern task-mistress. She is rather a kind and sympathetic mother, ever ready to shelter us from the cares and anxieties of this world, and to guide us in the paths of peace."

The violation of duty has been punished in every age of the world. It has been well said, by Colton, that: "Anthony sought for happiness in love; Brutus, in glory; Cæsar, in dominion; the first found disgrace, the second disgust, the last ingratitude, and each destruction." The soul is immediately conscious of the presence of God, when it resolves to perform every duty.

We should do the duty that lies nearest at hand. The justly celebrated Dr. Cuyler wisely says: "The best things are nearest: light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life."

Again he says: "God always has an angel of help for those who are willing to do their duty."

These words are worthy of great consideration. We are too apt to waste our time in looking out of the way for occasions to exercise rare and great virtues, and in doing this we step over the ordinary ones that lie directly in the path before us.

He only is truly wise who, in all the relations of life, does his duty according to the light he has before him, and then leaves all beside—to God.

It is a good rule to ask ourselves what we shall wish on the morrow that we had done, if we are in doubt what to do.

Few persons, however, are endowed with that strength of mind which enabled Epictetus to say: "I am always content with that which happens, for I think that what God

chooses is better than what I choose." The same great writer advises us to practise self-control in the following language : " You are not Hercules, and you are not able to purge away the wickedness of others ; nor yet are you Theseus, able to purge away the evil things of Attica. Clear away your own. From yourself, from your thoughts ; cast away, instead of Procrustes and Sciron, sadness, fear, desire, envy, malevolence, avarice, effeminacy, intemperance. But it is not possible to eject these things otherwise than by looking to God only, by fixing your affections on Him only, by being consecrated by His commands."

And concerning the cure of anger he says :

" If, then, you wish not to be of an angry temper, do not feed the habit ; throw nothing on it which will increase it ; at first keep quiet, and count the days on which you have not been angry. I used to be in a passion every day ; now every second day ; then every third ; then every fourth. But if you have intermitted thirty days, make a sacrifice to God. For the habit at first begins to be weakened, and then is completely destroyed. When you can say : ' I have not been vexed to-day, nor the day before, nor yet on any succeeding day during two or

three months; but I took care when some exciting things happened,' be assured that you are in a good way."

We cannot read too often the instructive lesson drawn for us by Marcus Aurelius in his character of *Antoninus*: "Do everything as a disciple of Antoninus. Remember his constancy in every act which was conformable to reason, and his evenness in all things, and his piety, and the serenity of his countenance, and his sweetness, and his disregard of empty fame, and his efforts to understand things; and how he would never let anything pass without having first most carefully examined it and clearly understood it; and how he bore with those who blamed him unjustly without blaming them in return; how he did nothing in a hurry; and how he listened not to calumnies, and how exact an examiner of manners and actions he was; not given to reproach people, nor timid, nor suspicious, nor a sophist; with how little he was satisfied, such as lodging, bed, dress, food, servants; how laborious and patient; how sparing he was in his diet; his firmness and uniformity in his friendships; how he tolerated freedom of speech in those who opposed his opinions; the pleasure that he had when any man showed

him anything better; and how pious he was without superstition. Imitate all this that thou mayest have as good a conscience, when thy last hour comes, as he had."

When we realize that every moment has its duty, and that there can be no true pleasure unless it is performed; that the highest, most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures, consists in promoting the happiness of others, we will have made considerable progress in the art of being happy.





## CHAPTER V.

### TRANQUILLITY OF MIND.

Tranquillity of mind is, of course, essential to happiness. By tranquillity is meant that state of the mind in which, estranged from the weaknesses of life, it tastes that happy calm which it owes to its own power and elevation. Inaccessible to the storms of life, it still admits those emotions which give birth to pure pleasures, and yields to the generous movements which the virtues inspire. To the ignorant only does tranquillity seem indifference. It is accompanied by a delightful consciousness of existence. We may reflect with a just pride upon the causes which produce it. Without reasoning we respire and enjoy it. It is one of the appropriate pleasures of the sage.

A good conscience is the profoundest source of this delightful calm. We shall attempt in vain to veil our faults from ourselves without it, or to listen only to the

voice of adulation. An interior witness must testify that we have endeavored to lead useful lives, and that we have always welcomed those who offered opportunities to do good. But, unfortunately, this feeling of calm content, which is the effect of duty performed, does not take possession of us until many years of our lives have been thrown away in a vain search for the beautiful and the good. But how truly happy should we be, when we can truthfully repeat the words put into the mouth of Wolsey by Shakespeare, after the haughty prelate had been sobered by his fall from power :

“I know myself now, and I feel within me  
A peace above all earthly dignities ;  
A still and quiet conscience.”

To the evil-doer, on the contrary, conscience gives no peace, no tranquillity of mind. Shakespeare has finely portrayed the punishment inflicted upon the guilty, by conscience, in the following passages :

“My conscience hath a thousand several  
tongues,  
And ev’ry tongue brings in a sev’ral tale,  
And ev’ry tale condemns me for a villain.”



Again :

“ O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me !  
The lights burn blue. Is it not dead midnight ?  
Cold, fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.”

Unfortunately the consciences of the most hardened villains become seared, and they become indifferent to its censure or its praise. As an example in point, it is said that a mercenary Irish statesman, upon being reproached with having sold his country, said he thanked God he had a country to sell !

Nothing is more fatal to tranquillity of mind than unregulated ambition. As Burton wisely says : “ As dogs in a wheel, or squirrels in a cage, ambitious men still climb and climb, with great labor and incessant anxiety, but never reach the top.”

The world on the other hand says : “ Shine—ascend high places—bind fortune to your chariot wheels ” ; the multitudes listen, and consume life in tormenting desires which end in disappointment. He who wishes to be truly happy, then, should never renounce the pleasures, quiet and peaceful in their nature, which family, friends, and free pursuits daily renew, except to do his duty to his country ; but when the land of his birth calls for his aid, he must be ready, for her good, to be

prodigal of his blood and treasure, and fly privacy and his retreat, emulating the example of him, of whom it was said by Byron :

“ Yes, one—the first—the last—the best,  
The Cincinnatus of the West,  
Whom envy dared not hate—  
Bequeathed the name of Washington,  
To make men blush there was but one.”

He should, then, when his country is in danger, shun ignoble ease, and be animated by the spirit of Nathan Hale, that glorious martyr, who regretted that he could die but once to serve his country.

The proud positions of the great, and the fortunes of the rich, are not to be envied, for it is true now as in the olden time, that the head is uneasy that wears the crown.

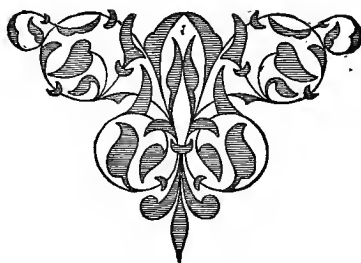
Agur displayed great wisdom when he asked for neither poverty nor riches, but simply enough for nature's ends.

Shakespeare placed contentment above all other essentials of happiness. He says :

“ My crown is in my heart, not on my head ;  
Not decked with diamonds and Indian stones,  
Nor to be seen ; my crown is call'd content ;  
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.”

In aiding us to acquire tranquillity of mind, philosophy comes as a useful handmaid to

religion, and her methods are not to be despised, and says Goethe, "*for this reason one ought every day at least, to hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and, if it were possible, to speak a few reasonable words.*" This should be done in the morning.





## CHAPTER VI.

### COMPETENCE.

“Virtue alone is happiness below,” wrote Pope. A moment’s reflection will convince a man of ordinary intelligence that this is not true. Virtue is one of the most essential ingredients of happiness, but alone it will not procure it, if we except the examples of such extraordinary men as Diogenes and Epictetus. In refutation of Pope’s axiom, it is only necessary to say that, when a man’s children suffer from hunger, when his friends are in distress, when he has a broken limb or a broken heart, although he may be endowed with the greatest virtue, he cannot be happy until the cause of his misery has been removed.

In addition to a virtuous disposition, in order to be completely happy, the average man should have a competence. What amount of fortune is necessary to render a man independent depends upon the indi-

vidual. He who can purchase the necessities of life has all that he needs. The immortal Lincoln thought a fortune of twenty thousand dollars should satisfy his own wants, or those of any other reasonable man. But in this money-making and money-loving age, the desire to get rich causes untold misery. When a man has made up his mind how much money he needs to render him independent, he should not cease to labor until he acquires it. No man can be truly happy who leads an idle life, but he should not make the accumulation of wealth the chief object of existence, as many short-minded men do. The aim of a rational man is to lead a happy life, both in this world and in the world to come, and he who is sordid enough to devote all his energies to getting money invariably gets what he deserves—misery.

Having decided what amount of money will constitute a competence in his case, with a judgment free from ambition, a man should, by industry and economy, endeavor to obtain that sum. He will find much solid happiness in the pursuit of his object, and while the pleasures of anticipation will in this case not equal those of realization, they are not to be despised.

To be satisfied with a moderate fortune is, perhaps, the highest test and best proof of wisdom. He who can contentedly live on a little gives a pledge that he would preserve his probity and courage in the most difficult situations. He has placed his happiness far above the caprices of his kind and the vicissitudes of life. But few men have this fortitude in as great a degree as they should have it.

The author does not mean to say that wealth is not desirable. The opportunities for doing good which it offers are alone sufficient to make it desirable. And what is nobler than an humble imitation of the life of Him who went about doing good? The wealthy men and women of our country have done themselves great credit by their laudable desire to use their means in such a way as to benefit their species, and no one can justly reproach the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Astors, and the hundreds of other unselfish and humane millionaires who have performed countless deeds of beneficence, for their indifference to the condition of their fellow-men.

It has been well said that, "There are moments when the desire of wealth penetrates even the retreat of a sage, not with the pue-

rile and dangerous wish to dazzle with show, but with the hope, dear to a good mind, that it might become a means of extended usefulness. When imagination creates her gay visions we sometimes think of riches, and in our dreams make an employment of them worthy of envy. What a delightful field there opens for those who possess riches. They can encourage the progress of science and aid in advancing the glory of letters. How much assistance they can offer to deserving young people whose first efforts announce happy dispositions, and whose character, at the same time, little fitted for worldly success, is a compound of independence and timidity? How much they honor themselves in decking the modest retreat of the aged scholar who has consecrated his life to study, and who has neglected his private fortune to enrich the age with the inventions of genius! They have the means of giving a noble impulse to the arts without trenching upon their resources. A picture which perpetuates the remembrance of a generous or heroic exploit costs no more than a group of bacchanalians or debauchees. A career more beautiful still is opened to opulence. Of how many vices and how many tears it may dry the source! A rich

man to become happy has only to wish to become so. He can not only immortalize his name as the patron of arts and useful inventions, but, what is better, can deserve the blessings of the miserable. Such pleasures are durable, and may be tasted with unsated relish after a settled lassitude from the indulgence of all others."

These observations deserve the serious consideration of the rich. What greater happiness can a man have than that of rewarding merit, relieving distress, wiping away the tears from the eyes of the afflicted, and pouring oil and wine into the wounds of the injured? He who spends his life in this way will surely come to the conclusion that the noblest employment of man is to assist man.







## CHAPTER VII.

### MEANS OF ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Thousands of men and women die every year prematurely, because they do not know how to take care of their bodies. They are killed for the want of a little knowledge which could easily be supplied.

It has been said that health "is that condition in which the body performs all its functions easily, and thereby imparts to the whole man a consciousness of strength and an enjoyment of life: where the sensation is so keen that little pleasures are relished, and the endurance is so strong that little pains are despised. Health intensifies the pleasure of food, and drink and sleep; it makes sights and sounds more interesting and more enjoyable; it sweetens the temper and it makes the mind more calm, judicious, and fertile. Then labor is welcomed as a delightful exercise, and life is felt to be an inexpressible blessing."

The wisest men of all ages and countries have paid great attention to the preservation of health. Cicero, for instance, says: "Health is preserved by a knowledge of one's own constitution; and by observing what things do us good or harm; and by moderation in all food and manner of living, for the sake of preserving the body; and by self-denial in pleasures; and last of all, by the skill of those to whose profession these things belong." His practice corresponded with his views. He lived in a frugal manner. He rarely took his meal before sunset—a rule which he thought suitable to the weakness of his stomach.

He is said to have had stated hours for rubbing and walking. By this systematic care of his health he acquired sufficient strength for the great labors and fatigues which he had to undergo. That good health is essential to happiness there can be no doubt. Some one has said that of the one hundred sublunary blessings bestowed on mankind, Health is ninety-nine. When a man gets sick he should send for a physician at once, that is, if his disorder is of a serious nature. As Lord Bacon wisely says: "Despise no new accident in your body but ask opinion of it." No advice will obviate the

necessity of medical attendance, but disease may be lessened by the observance of a few simple rules.

Temperance, air, exercise, gayety, and the absence of care are undoubtedly highly conducive to health. It seems that our Creator has ordained that the emotions which disturb our days are those which have a natural tendency to shorten them.

The inexperience of youth, which are usually the result of ignorance, are punished with great severity. The young prodigally waste the material of life and enjoyment, as they do their other possessions, as if they thought it inexhaustible.

The vices of mature age succeed the errors of youth. Envy, ambition, cupidity, hatred, and the other passions which inhabit the human breast, unless they are kept in subjection, concur to devour the very aliment of life. The storms which prostrate the moral faculties, equally sap the physical energies. Debasement of passions are extremely injurious to health. Those inquietudes and puerile anxieties, which disturb the days of the greater portion of mankind, can be traced to no other source. They are agitated by vain debates, and occupied by trifling interests.

Emotions which are pleasant sustain life,

and produce upon it the effect of a gentle current of air upon flame.

A distinguished physician recorded his belief, in his tablets, that three-fourths of the people who die, die of vexation or grief.

Lord Bacon says: "As for the passions and studies of the mind, avoid envy, anxious fears, anger, fretting inwards, subtle and knotty inquisitions, joys and exhilarations in excess, sadness not communicated. Entertain hopes, mirth rather than joy; variety of delights, rather than surfeit of them; wonder and admiration, and therefore novelties; studies that fill the mind with splendid and illustrious objects, as histories, fables, and contemplations of nature."

Huffland, in his work on the art of prolonging life, says: "Philosophers enjoy a delightful leisure. Their thoughts, generally estranged from vulgar interests, have nothing in common with those afflicting ideas, with which other men are continually agitated and corroded. Their reflections are agreeable by their variety, their vague liberty, and sometimes even by their frivolity. Devoted to the pursuits of their choice, the occupations of their taste, they dispose freely of their time. Oftentimes they surround themselves with young people, that

their natural vivacity may be communicated to them, and in some sort produce a renewal of their youth." We may make a distinction between the different kinds of philosophy, in relation to their influence upon the duration of life. Those which direct the mind towards sublime contemplations, even were they in some degree superstitious, such as those of Pythagoras and Plato, are the most salutary. Next to them I place those, the study of which, embracing nature, gives enlarged and elevated ideas upon infinity, the stars, the wonders of the universe, the heroic virtues, and other similar subjects. Such were those of Democritus, Philolaus, Xenophanes, the Stoics, and the ancient astronomers.

I may cite next those less profound thinkers, who, instead of exacting difficult researches, seemed destined only to amuse the mind ; the followers of which philosophy, deviating wide from vulgar opinion, peacefully sustain the arguments for and against the propositions advanced. Such was the philosophy of Carneades and the Academicians, to whom we may add the Grammarians and Rhetoricians.

Corroding cares and tumultuous passions are two sources of evil influences which

philosophy avoids. Another influence adverse to life, is that mental feebleness which renders persons perpetually solicitous about their health, effeminate and unhappy. This trait is well displayed in the character of "Well-and-Strong," in the popular play, *A Trip to Chinatown*. By imagining ourselves sick, we often become so. It is said that the best prophylactic for preserving health, is the undoubting confidence that we shall not be sick.

Too much attention cannot be paid to the action of the mind upon the body. Although physicians have of late years given it considerable attention, many ancient authorities think that they have not made it a sufficient element in their calculations, or employed it as they should. As has been said: "A man reads a letter which announces misfortunes or sinister events. His head turns. His appetite ceases. He becomes faint and oppressed; and his life is in danger. No contagion, however, no physical blow has touched him. A thought has palsied his forces in a moment; and has successively deranged every spring of life. We have read of persons of feeble and uninformed mind, who have fallen sick in consequence of the cruel sport of those who have ingeniously

alarmed their imagination, and cautiously indicated to them a train of fatal symptoms. Since imagination can thus certainly overturn our physical powers, why may it not under certain regulations restore them?"

Shakespeare, that wonderful observer, understood perfectly well how some mental dispositions influenced health favorably, and how others influenced it unfavorably, and his words should be carefully weighed :

"He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy ;  
And so she died ; had she been light, like you,  
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,  
She might have been a grandam ere she died :  
And so may you ; for a light heart lives long."

—*Love's Labour 's Lost*, v. 2.

Pecklin, Barthes, and many others think that extreme desire to see a dearly beloved person once more has sometimes a power to postpone death. The idea is a highly delightful one, and is complimentary to human nature. Says a charming writer : "I feel with what intense ardor one might desire to live another day, another hour, to see a friend or a child for the last time. The flame of love replacing that of life, blazes up for a moment before both are quenched in the final darkness. The last prayer is accorded ;

and life terminates in tasting that pleasure for which it was prolonged. If this be true, the principle on which the most touching incident of romance is founded is not a fiction."

The food we eat should be simple, and we should be careful not to eat too much. If we get sick we may often starve ourselves well again.

Quarles says: "If thou wouldst preserve a sound body, use fasting and walking; if a healthful soul, fasting and praying. Walking exercises the body; praying exercises the soul; fasting cleanses both."

Another writer observes that: "We should assist, not force nature. Eat with moderation what you know agrees with your constitution. Nothing is good for the body but what we can digest. What can procure digestion?—Exercise. What will recruit strength?—Sleep. What will alleviate incurable evils?—Patience."

Lord Bacon says: "I commend rather some diet for certain seasons than frequent use of physic, except it can be grown into a custom; for those diets alter the body more and trouble it less. . . . In sickness, respect health principally; and health action; for those that put their bodies to endure in



health, may in most sicknesses which are not very sharp, be cured only with diet and tendering. Celsus would never have spoken it as a physician, had he not been a wise man withal, when he giveth it for one of the great precepts of health and lasting, that a man do vary and interchange contraries; but with an inclination to the more benign extreme; use fasting and full eating, but rather full eating; watching and sleep, but rather sleep; sitting and exercise, but rather exercise, and the like; so shall nature be cherished and yet taught masteries."

A careful study of this advice of Lord Bacon will be highly advantageous to any one desirous of prolonging his life, and of enjoying comparative immunity from disease.

The growth and vigorous condition of every member of the body depends on exercise. Many diseases are cured by exercise. The Germans, especially, have of late given great attention to medical gymnastics. Lord Bacon, also, recognized the curative properties of particular exercises for particular diseases. He says upon this subject: "Diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises; bowling is good for the stone and reins; shooting for the lungs and breast;

gentle walking for the stomach: riding for the head, and the like."

The author is inclined to believe that people who lead sedentary lives sit too much. This is especially true of persons engaged in literary pursuits. Many of the greatest writers did their work standing at a desk. Longfellow and Victor Hugo, always wrote in this way.

It is an excellent plan, also, to read while walking up and down the room, and much more can be learned in this way than sitting sleepily in a chair. But when a man does sit, he should, at all events, sit erect with his back to the light, and a full and free projection of the breast.

It should also be borne in mind by the reader that while sitting on a chair, leaning over a desk, poring over a book, the blood does not flow, and the muscles do not play freely, and that these results can only be obtained by outdoor exercise. He should, therefore, if his circumstances will permit him to do so, make a sacred resolution that he will spend at least two hours in the open air every day—either walking or riding. It would be prudent to divide his walks into two periods, giving to them one hour in the morning and another in the evening. He is

strengthened for the work of the day by the one, and the other refreshes him after his labors.

The morning walk should be taken early in the day. In the winter he should await the rising of the sun. A writer of considerable merit says that, "the evening walk should always be taken as nearly as possible at sunset, not only as being the most beautiful time, the most calming and subduing, the most wholesome in its influences upon mind and body, but as being usually the most favorable as respects the weather; it being a fact not noticed in the books, but confirmed by the experience of the writer, that, however wet the day, there is usually a cessation of rain at sunset, insomuch that in nearly twenty years of walks rarely omitted at the hour of sunset, he believes he has not twenty times encountered rain."

Not only should a man determine how much time he will dedicate each day to exercise, but he should appoint, as has been said, *the very time*. *The same hour* should find him engaged in the same pursuit, whether of labor, of exercise, or of rest.

In fact, every moment should, if possible, be turned to advantage. Study should be united with recreation, we should work till

the time for recreation begins, and return to work the instant it is over. The majority of people fall into one of two extremes of error—either passing their lives in worthless idleness, or destroying health and life by overwork. *Every moment then should be dedicated to a purpose*, either of study, rest, or recreation.

This is the secret of accomplishing a vast amount of work, and by it we double our lives. We should, therefore, *work* when we *are* at work, *play* when we are at *play*, and *rest* when we *rest*, or as Chancellor Thurlow said, “the whole man should be devoted to one thing at one time.” Let not a minute pass unemployed. Exercise should be combined with temperance. “Temperance is a bridle of gold, and he that uses it aright is liker a God than a man; for as it will transform a beast to a man again, so it will make a man more nearly a God,” says Burton. “If thou well observe the rule of not too much, by temperance taught, in what thou eatest and drinkest, seeking from thence due nourishment, not gluttonous delight, till many years over thy head return, so mayest thou live, till, like ripe fruit, thou drop into thy mother’s lap, or be with ease gathered, not harshly plucked, in death mature,” observes

Milton. The foregoing observations upon the means of prolonging the age of man should be carefully read. "It is natural for man to express a desire to live to old age, since nature by no means forbids him to wish for longevity ; and old age is, in fact, that period of life in which prudence can be best exercised and the fruits of all the other virtues enjoyed with a less degree of opposition, for the passions are then so completely subdued that man gives himself up entirely to the dictates of reason."

The heavy trains of infirmities which frequently make inroads on the constitution, are the general motives, with most people, for renouncing a life of intemperance, and adopting a regimen of a more abstemious nature. Finding their constitutions impaired through their intemperate manner of living, and being fearful of consumptive consequences, they apply to a physician ; he tries the power of medicine, and advises temperance, but, perceiving that his efforts are unavailing, and suspecting that his advice has not been fully attended to, he at length tells his patient that there is but one method left for him to pursue, which will be likely to overcome the disorder he labors under. This is a sober, moderate, and regular course of

life, which would be of more service, do more good, and be as powerful in restoring the constitution, as the intemperate and irregular one he had accustomed himself to had been in reducing him to his present low condition. In fact, a regular course of life preserves men, whose constitutions are not good, and who are advanced in years, just as a contrary course has the power of destroying those of the best constitution, and in their prime; and for this plain and obvious reason, that different modes of life are attended with different effects; for art follows, even in this case, the footsteps of nature, and with equal efficacy corrects natural vices and imperfections. This is obvious in those who follow the life of a husbandman. Without having recourse to such a regimen in the beginning of a consumption, no benefit could arise from it after a few months' delay, and after a few more the patient must resign himself to the arms of Death.

The celebrated Cornaro informs us, that he was in a similar situation, but that the solid and convincing arguments used by his physicians made such an impression on him, that, mortified as he was by the thoughts of dying in the prime of life, and at the same time perpetually tormented by various

diseases, he immediately concluded that contrary effects could not be produced but by contrary modes of living, and therefore he resolved, in order to avoid at once both disease and death, to adopt it, and betook himself to a regular course of life. The consequence of which was, that in a few days he began to perceive that such a regular course agreed with him very well ; and by pursuing it he found, that in less than twelve months he was completely freed from the whole of his complaints.

Having thus regained his health, this prudent person began seriously to consider the utility and power of temperance, and reflected, very justly, that if this virtue (a temperate mode of living) had efficacy sufficient to subdue such grievous disorders as he was afflicted with, it must possess still greater power to preserve the body in health, to assist and recover a bad constitution, and render comfort to those whose stomachs are weak. "This temperate method," Cornaro says, "had likewise this good effect on me, that I no longer experienced those annual fits of sickness with which I used to be afflicted while I followed a different, that is, a sensual course of life ; for then I used to be attacked every year with a strange kind of fever, which

sometimes brought me to death's door. From this disease then I also freed myself, and became exceedingly healthy, as I have continued from that time forward to this very day."

When Cornaro began to adopt this course of regimen and temperance he was between forty and fifty years of age, and at the time when he wrote this account he was upwards of eighty.

As the author has said, it is also proper that a man should endeavor to avoid those evils which it may not be in his power easily to remove; these are melancholy, hatred, fear, discontent, and care, which, as Dr. Armstrong says, in words which should be carefully weighed :

" Fatigue the soul,  
Engross the subtile ministers of life,  
And spoil the lab'ring functions of their share.  
Hence the lean gloom that Melancholy wears ;  
The Lover's paleness, and the sallow hue  
Of Envy, Jealousy ; the meagre stare  
Of sore Revenge ; the canker'd body hence  
Betrays each fretful motion of the mind.  
Hence some for Love, and some for Jealousy,  
For grim Religion some, and some for Pride,  
Have lost their reason ; some for fear of want,  
Want all their lives ; and others every day



For fear of dying suffer worse than death.  
Ah ! from your bosoms vanish, if you can,  
Those fatal guests ; and first the demon Fear,  
That trembles at impossible events,  
Lest aged Atlas should resign his load,  
And Heav'n's eternal battlements rush down."

These and other violent passions have the greatest influence, at times, over the minds of men ; and even Cornaro himself tells us that he was not able to guard so well against either one or the other of such disorders, so as to prevent himself from being occasionally hurried away by many, not to say all of them, but comforts himself with the idea that, by his temperate mode of living, they did very little harm to him. But Dr. Armstrong also says that passions like these, where they obtain the mastery, often destroy the mind :

" And when the mind  
They first invade, the conscious body soon  
In sympathetic languishment declines.  
These chronic Passions, while from real woes  
They rise and yet without the body's fault  
Infest the soul, admit one only cure ;  
Diversion, hurry, and a restless life.  
Go, soft enthusiast ! seek the cheerful haunts  
Of men, and mingle with the bustling crowd ;

Lay schemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the  
wish  
Of nobler minds, and push them night and day."

Such are Dr. Armstrong's able reasonings on the passions incidental to humanity, and the advice he gives for counteracting them is of great value, since it appears most likely to have the desired effect. When a man is overwhelmed with sorrow, or burdened with care, he should avoid solitude as he would a pestilence. He should seek the society of his fellow-men. He will find great relief in freely communicating his troubles to his friends when he can obtain relief in no other way. The sage Pythagoras said: "Eat not the heart," and Lord Bacon, in commenting upon the expression, says: "Certainly, if a man would give it a hard phrase, those that want friends to open themselves unto, are cannibals of their own hearts; but one thing is most admirable, which is, that this communicating of a man's self to his friend, works two contrary effects, for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth grief in halves; for there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more; and no man that imparteth his grief to his friend, but he grieveth the less."

Vocal or instrumental music, if it is good, and labor, or bodily exercise of any kind, are also excellent antidotes for sorrow.

After the separation of the Empress Josephine from Napoleon she was almost distracted with grief, and the only remedy which was found effective, in the alleviation of her sorrow, was a long walk, every day, with her female companions. She walked till she was almost exhausted, and by tiring her body rested her mind.

Temperance and orderly living, then, are the foundations of health and long life.

Physicians of eminence say, that if a man will follow a regular course of life, eat moderately, drink sparingly, always leave room for more, and digest regularly, it would preserve his body in health, and be the means of prolonging his life for years, and when at last he found his end approaching, he would leave the world without experiencing any material sickness, but from a dissolution of the radical moisture, when nature would be quite exhausted.

The celebrated Cornaro tells us, "that whoever leads a regular life cannot be diseased, or, at least, seldom, and that for a short time; because, by living regularly, he extirpates every seed of sickness, and thus

by removing the cause, prevents the effect ; so that he who pursues a regular course of life need not be apprehensive of illness ; for he who has guarded against the cause need not be afraid of the effect."

The following extract from the same experienced author is also worthy of insertion : "Although I am sensible, like others, that I must reach that term (the period of dissolution), it is yet so great a distance that I cannot discern it,<sup>1</sup> because I know I shall not die except by a mere decay of nature, having already, by my regular course of life, shut up all the other avenues of death, and thereby prevented the humors of my body from making any other war upon me than that which I must expect from the elements employed in the composition of this mortal frame. I am not so simple as not to know, that, as I was born, so I must die ; but that is a desirable death which nature brings on us by way of dissolution ; for Nature having, herself formed the union between our body and our soul, knows best in what manner it may be most easily dissolved, and grants us a longer day than we could expect from sickness, which is violent. This is the death,

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<sup>1</sup> When Cornaro wrote this he was, as has been said, between eighty and ninety years of age.

which, without speaking like a poet, I may call, not death but life. Nor can it be otherwise. Such a death does not take one till after a very long course of years, and in consequence of an extreme weakness ; it being only by slow degrees, that men grow too feeble to walk, and unable to reason, becoming blind and deaf, decrepid, and full of every other kind of infirmity. Now I may be quite sure that I am at a very great distance from such a period. Nay, I have reason to think, that my soul, having so agreeable a dwelling in my body, as not to meet with anything in it but peace, love, and harmony, not only between its humors, but between my reason and the senses, is exceedingly content and well pleased with her present situation, and, of course, that a great length of time, and many years, must be requisite to dislodge her ; whence it must be concluded for certain, that I have still a series of years to live in health and spirits, and enjoy this beautiful world, which is indeed beautiful to those who know how to make it so, as I have done, and likewise expect to be able to do, with God's assistance, in the next ; all by the means of virtue, and that divine regularity of life which I have adopted, concluding an alliance with my rea-

son, and declaring war against my sensual appetites, a thing which every man may do who desires to live as he ought.

“ Now, if this sober life be so happy ; if its name be so desirable and delightful ; if the possession of the blessings which attend it be so stable and permanent ; all I have still left to do is to beseech (since I cannot compass my desires by the powers of oratory) every man of liberal disposition and sound understanding to embrace with open arms this most valuable treasure of a long and healthy life ; a treasure which, as it exceeds all other riches and blessings of this world, so it deserves above all things to be cherished, sought after, and carefully preserved. This is that divine sobriety (agreeable to the Deity), the friend of nature, the daughter of reason, the sister of all the virtues, the companion of temperance, modest, courteous, content with little, regular, and perfect mistress of all her operations. From her, as from their proper root, spring life, health, cheerfulness, industry, learning, and all those actions and employments worthy of noble and generous minds. The laws of God and man are all in her favor. Repletion, excess, intemperance, superfluous humors, diseases, fevers, pains, and the dangers of death

vanish in her presence like clouds before the sun. Her comeliness ravishes every well-disposed mind. Her influence is so sure, as to promise to all a very long and agreeable existence: the facility of acquiring her is such as ought to induce everyone to look for her, and share in her victories. And, lastly, she promises to be a mild and agreeable guardian of life, as well of the rich as of the poor; of the male as of the female sex; of the old as well as of the young; being that which teaches the rich modesty; the poor frugality; . . . the old how to ward off the attacks of death; and bestows on youth firmer and surer hopes of life. Sobriety renders the senses clear, the body light, the understanding lively, the soul brisk, the memory tenacious, our motions free, and all our actions regular and easy. By means of sobriety the soul, delivered, as it were, of her earthly burden, experiences a great deal of her natural liberty; the spirits circulate gently through the arteries; the blood runs freely through the veins; the heat of the body, kept mild and temperate, has mild and temperate effects; and, lastly, our faculties, being under a perfect regulation, preserve a pleasing and agreeable harmony."

It will readily be seen, from what has

been said, that temperance is the universal medicine of life, that clears the head and cleanses the blood, strengthens the nerves, perfects digestion, gives nature her full play, and enables her to exert herself in all her force and vigor.

The cheerful and contented are unquestionably more likely to enjoy good health and long life than persons of irritable and fretful dispositions ; therefore, whatever tends to promote good humor and innocent hilarity, must have a beneficial influence in this respect ; and persons whose attention is much engaged on serious subjects, should continually endeavor to preserve a relish for cheerful recreations.

We meet with many most remarkable instances of longevity in the history of various countries and of all ages. If temperance is observed, it seems that long life may be attained in any country. The hot climate of South America, as well as the intense cold of Russia, are no bars to the attainment of old age. It is certain, however, that temperate climates are more favorable to long life than those which are very hot or very cold.

But in almost every country there are particular districts which are more favorable to



the health of the inhabitants than others. The cause of this superiority is chiefly owing to a free circulation of the air uncontaminated by the noxious vapors and exhalations arising from marshes or stagnant pools, which destroy the purity in other parts. Of this our best physicians are fully sensible, and they consequently recommend that hilly or mountainous places, which are almost universally found to be the most healthy, be chosen for districts of residence.

The invigorating employments and plain diet of a country life are acknowledged by all who have given the subject attention to be highly conducive to health and longevity, while the luxury and refinement of large cities are allowed to be equally destructive to man.

It is said that the Arabs of the desert have for centuries enjoyed almost perfect immunity from disease, and that an Arab rarely dies except from violence or old age.

The desire of self-preservation and of protracting the short span of life is so intimately interwoven with our very constitution, that it is properly esteemed one of the first principles of our nature, and, in spite of pain and misery, seldom quits us to the last mo-

ments of our existence. Is it not rather surprising, then, that more attention has not been paid to longevity?

It is a subject which should be carefully investigated. Bills of mortality should be put on a more extensive and useful footing; they should contain a particular account of the diet and regimen of every person who dies at the age of ninety years or upwards; whether the parents were healthy, long-lived people, etc. A register of these circumstances in every county, city, and town throughout the United States would be productive of many advantages to society in a medical, philosophical, and political view.

Longevity is so highly esteemed in China that, it is said, triumphal or honorary arches are erected to the memory of persons who have lived a century; for the Chinese believe that except a man live a sober and virtuous life, it is impossible he should attain to such an age.

Notwithstanding the assertion to the contrary, which is sometimes made, temperance is undoubtedly the best security of health and no man can reasonably expect to live long who impairs his vital powers by excess, which converts the most natural and beneficial enjoyments into the most certain means

of destruction. The remarkably few instances of persons with constitutions of iron, who, in spite of their licentious mode of living, have attained great age, cannot be put in comparison with the vast number whose lives have been greatly shortened by such indulgences.

Some writers on longevity say that moderate-sized and well-proportioned persons have certainly the greater probability of attaining to a considerable length of life ; this may seem reasonable, but there are some instances to the contrary : Mary Jones, who died in 1773, at Wem, in Shropshire, at the age of one hundred years, was only *two feet eight inches* in height, very deformed and lame ; but James MacDonald, who died near Cork, in Ireland, August 20, 1760, at the age of one hundred and seventeen, was *seven feet six inches* in stature.

Since the flood, the duration of man's life has been nearly the same in all ages. This is clearly shown from sacred and profane history : Plato lived to eighty-one, and was thought an old man, and the instances of longevity adduced by Pliny may be most of them matched in modern times.

To cite two or three modern instances in support of Cornaro's theory, that temperance

in all things is the chief promoter of longevity, the author would refer to Prince Bismarck, Hon. W. E. Gladstone, and Hon. Justin S. Morrill of Vermont, all of whom are octogenarians.

Bismarck attributes his long life to temperance in everything ; daily exercise in the open air ; regularity in his hours of sleep, in his diet, and in all his personal habits. He lives much in the open air, and his favorite exercise is horseback riding, in which he freely indulges. He believes that cold water is one of the best of tonics, and he takes a cold bath every morning on rising from bed. The great Ex-Chancellor also has the power of banishing, at will, from his mind all the cares and troubles of life.

Mr. Gladstone is also a believer in the virtues of cold bathing, and he takes a bath on rising every morning. He rises at 6 o'clock, and breakfasts at 7. His breakfast is a light one, and when it is finished he goes to church every day for morning prayer. Walking and chopping wood are Mr. Gladstone's favorite forms of exercise.

Senator Morrill, who is more than 85 years of age, believes that temperance is the greatest promoter of longevity. To temperance he would also add cheerfulness, and the prac-

tice of trying to render those around him happy.

All of the great men mentioned have led industrious lives. Each day, nay each hour of every day, has had its appropriate employment.





## CHAPTER VIII.

### LIVES OF CENTENARIANS.

The lives of nearly all of the aged persons which have been written, and transmitted to us, prove conclusively that a life of temperance, and freedom from care, prolongs existence.

The following sketches of the lives of the remarkable people who have lived more than one hundred years, will serve as examples of the vast number from which they are taken. The cases of men like Cornaro, the Venetian, who was born dying, and yet spun out the thread of life with so much care that he lived a century, are instructive. Their opinions upon the subject of diet, as well as their habits of life, are worthy of careful consideration. Lord Bacon cites the case of Cornaro, and jests upon a man who believed himself living, because, in fact, he was not dead, but Lord Bacon was convinced of the usefulness to mankind of the habits and manners of people

who lived to a ripe old age, and he wrote the history of many of them himself.

The most distinguished instance of longevity to be met with in British history is that of Thomas Carn, who, according to the parish register of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, died on the 28th day of January, 1588, at the astonishing age of two hundred and seven years.

He was born in the reign of Richard the Second, 1381, and lived in the reigns of twelve kings and queens, namely, Richard II., Henry IV., V. and VI., Edward IV. and V., Richard III., Henry VII. and VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. The veracity of the above may, it is said, be readily observed by any person who wishes to consult the above-mentioned register.

In the Russian *Petersburg Gazette*, published in 1812, the phenomenon is recorded of one old man in the diocese of Ekaterinowslaw, of having attained the age of two hundred and five years.

Peter Czartan, by religion a Greek, was born in the year 1539, and lived one hundred and eighty-four years, dying on the 5th of January, 1723, at Rofrosh. When the Turks took Temeswaer from the Christians, he was employed in keeping his father's cattle. A few days before his death, he had walked,

supported by a stick, to the post-house at Rofrosh, to ask alms from the passengers. It is said that his eyes were exceedingly red, but he still enjoyed a little sight; the hair of his head and beard were greenish white, and some of his teeth were still remaining. His son, who was ninety-seven, declared that his father had formerly been a head taller; that he married at a great age for the third time; and that he himself was born in this marriage.

He was accustomed, according to the principles of his religion, to observe the fast days with great strictness, to use no other food than milk, a kind of cakes called by the Hungarians *kollatschen*, and to drink of the brandy made in the country.

The above account is said to have been extracted from a letter written to the States-General of the United Netherlands, by their Envoy, Hamelbraning, at Vienna, and dated January 29, 1724.

Henry Jenkins died at Ellerton-upon-Swale, December 8, 1670, at the age of one hundred and sixty-nine, and was buried in Bolton Churchyard, near Catterick and Richmond in Yorkshire, where a small pillar was erected in the church to his memory, on which is inscribed the following epitaph, composed by Dr. Thomas Chapman, master



of Magdalen College, Cambridge, from 1746 to 1760 :

“ Blush not, Marble,  
to rescue from oblivion  
the memory of Henry Jenkins ;  
a person obscure in birth,  
but of a life truly remarkable ;  
for  
he was enriched with the goods of Nature,  
if not of Fortune ;  
and happy in the duration,  
if not the variety, of his enjoyments ;  
and though the partial world despised and  
disregarded his low and humble state,  
the equal eye of Providence beheld  
and blessed it  
with a Patriarch’s health  
and length of days ;—  
to teach mistaken man  
these blessings are entailed on  
temperance,  
a life of labor, and a mind at ease.  
He lived to the amazing age of 169.”

Jonathan Hartop, of the village of Aldborough, in Yorkshire, died in 1791, aged one hundred and thirty-eight. He could read to the last without spectacles, and play at cribbage with the most perfect recollection. On Christmas day, 1789, he walked nine miles to dine with one of his great-grandchildren.

He ate but little, and his only beverage was milk.

He enjoyed an uninterrupted flow of spirits.

He knew Milton well, and is said to have loaned him £300 which Milton paid, although Mr. Hartop would have declined to receive it.

John Wood died in June, 1818, at the age of one hundred and twenty-two. He was an industrious farmer at Gortnagally, near Dungannon, in Ireland.

He lived a regular and sober life, and was remarkably abstemious with regard to his food.

Thomas Gaughan died August 16, 1814, in the county of Mayo, Ireland, at the age of one hundred and twelve.

Though poor, he was always cheerful and contented.

He passed one hundred and ten years of his life wholly unacquainted with sickness, up to the end of which period he was able to take a full share with all the young members of his family in the labors of the field.

Philip Thompson died at Bedford, January 28, 1818, at the age of one hundred and six. In the course of the summer of 1817, he had the misfortune to lose his wife, with whom for upwards of seventy years, he had lived in a state of the most perfect harmony.

So singular an instance of longevity could not fail to excite attention, and the deceased received visits from the king as well as the surrounding nobility and gentry.

*Up to the period of his decease it was his daily custom to take a walk.*

Edward Lawson died in Northumberland, in the summer of 1805, at the age of one hundred and six. He is said to have been a strong, muscular man, about five feet six inches. He was simple in his habits, and of an easy temper, never distressing himself about anything beyond the occurrences of the moment; a circumstance which probably contributed much to the prolongation of his life.

Thomas Parr at his death was one hundred and fifty-two. He lived and died at Winnington, Shropshire. He was a poor countryman. At the age of eighty-five he married his first wife, by whom he had two children, who died young. At the age of one hundred and twenty he married a widow, and at the very advanced age of one hundred and thirty he was able to do any husbandry work, even the threshing of corn. He frequently ate by night as well as by day; was contented with skimmed cheese, milk, coarse bread, small beer, and whey; and, what is remarkable, he

ate at midnight a little before he died. He had seen ten kings and queens of England. A few years before his death, he was brought to London by Thomas, Earl of Arundell, who presented him to King Charles I.

Parr became a domestic in the family of the Earl of Arundell, fed high and drank plentifully of the best wines, by which, after a constant plain and homely diet, the natural functions of the parts of his body were overcharged, his lungs obstructed, and the habit of the whole body quite disordered; in consequence there could not but soon follow a dissolution.

On the tomb of Stephen Rumbold, who died at the age of one hundred and five at Brightwell, Oxfordshire, is the following inscription :

“ He lived one hundred and five  
Sanguine and strong ;  
An hundred to five  
You live not so long.”

Margaret Patten, of St. Margaret's Workhouse, London, was a Scotch woman. At the time of her death she was one hundred and thirty-seven years old.

She always enjoyed good health till within

a few days of her death ; and for many years lived on milk.

Peter Mestanea lived one hundred and thirty years. He was born and died in the village of Veniel, in the kingdom of Marcia. He was a bachelor, never tasted wine, was industrious, and bathed regularly every morning in the river Segura, from the beginning of spring till it froze. His teeth were sound, and he had never been attacked by any acute distemper.

John Hussey reached the age of one hundred and sixteen. He was a farmer of Sydenham, Kent.

His breakfast was balm-tea, sweetened with honey ; and pudding for dinner, above fifty years ; by which he acquired long life and excellent health.

Judith Bannister, of Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, lived one hundred and eight years.

She was attended to her grave by eighty of her descendants.

She lived upon biscuit and apples, with milk and water, the last sixty years of her life.

William Sharply, of Knockall, county of Roscommon, reached the remarkable age of one hundred and thirty-eight years.

He lived well and regularly, but in no wise abstemiously.

John Michaelstone, grandson of Thomas Parr, lived to the age of one hundred and twenty-seven by extreme temperance and much exercise.

Owen Carollan, of Duleek, county of Meath, in Ireland, laborer, had six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot. By temperance and hard labor he attained the great age of one hundred and twenty-seven.

Elizabeth Macpherson, of the county of Caithness, in Scotland, at the time of her death was one hundred and seventeen.

Her diet was butter-milk and greens. She retained her senses till within three months of her death.

Francis Consit, of Burythorpe, near Malton, Yorkshire, reached the amazing age of one hundred and fifty.

He was very temperate in his living and used great exercise, which, together with occasionally eating a raw new-laid egg, is said to have enabled him to attain such an extraordinary age. For the last sixty years of his age he was supported by the parish, and retained his senses to the last.

Philip Loutier, of Shoreditch, London, a French barber, lived to be one hundred and five years of age.

He drank nothing but water, and only ate once a day.

Mr. Butler, of the Golden Vale, near Kilkenny, in Ireland, reached the ripe old age of one hundred and thirty-three.

He was related to the family of the Duke of Ormond; could walk well, and could mount his horse with great agility to near the time of his death; and thus, by much walking and riding, attained good health and longevity.

Mrs. Clum died at the age of one hundred and thirty-eight, at her home near Litchfield, Staffordshire.

By frequent exercise and temperate living, she attained so great longevity.

She left one son and two daughters, the youngest upwards of one hundred years.

In the year 1779, Fluellen Pryce, of Glamorgan, died at the age of one hundred and one.

His organs had been so little injured by the weight of years, that within three years of his death he directed a village choir in some variations for the Sunday; he never used spectacles till within fifteen months of his death. He possessed an unusual flow of spirits, attended with excellent health and

activity; which blessings are said to have been the result of his abstemious manner of living.

Herb teas were his breakfast; meat, plainly dressed, his dinner; and instead of a supper, he refreshed himself with a pipe of tobacco.

With a slender education, this man had a strong natural genius, and he produced a poem called *Carmenta*; predicting, with great humor, the events of the administration of the Duke of Newcastle, and the juncto of that period.

Joseph Ekins, of Combe, Berks, laborer, lived one hundred and three years.

He never suffered a week's illness, and for the last forty years of his life subsisted entirely on bread, milk, and vegetables.

Edward Drinker, of Philadelphia, died at the age of one hundred and three.

He lived on very solid food, drank tea in the afternoon, but ate no supper.

He was very amiable, uniformly cheerful and kind to every body with whom he came in contact.

His religious principles were as steady as his morals were pure.

It has been said that, "the life of this man was marked with several circumstances, which have seldom occurred in the life of an



individual. He saw the same spot of earth covered with wood, and a receptacle for beasts and birds of prey, afterwards become the seat of a city, not only the first in wealth and arts in the new, but rivalling in both, many of the first cities, in the old world. He saw regular streets where he once pursued a hare ; churches rising upon morasses, where he had often heard the croaking of frogs ; wharfs and warehouses, where he had often seen Indian savages draw fish from the river for daily subsistence ; ships of every size and use in those streams, where he had often seen nothing but Indian canoes ; a stately edifice filled with legislators, astonishing the world with their wisdom and virtue, on the same spot, probably, where he had seen an Indian council-fire. He saw the first treaty ratified between the newly confederated powers of America and the ancient monarchy of France, with all the formality of parchment and seals, where he had seen William Penn ratify his first and last treaty with the Indians, without the formalities of pen, ink, and paper ; he witnessed all the intermediate stages through which a people pass, from the lowest to the highest degree of civilization ; the beginning and the end of the empire of Great Britain in Pennsylvania.

“ He had been the subject of crowned heads, and afterwards died a citizen of the newly-created republic of America, whose liberties and independence he embraced, and triumphed in the last years of his life in the salvation of his country.”

Mr. Smith, of Dolver, Montgomeryshire, farmer, died at the age of one hundred and three.

He was never known to drink anything but butter-milk.

James Peters died at the age of one hundred and seven. He lived at Dundee, and was a travelling packman.

Although he often slept in the fields and shades, he enjoyed an uninterrupted state of good health; and until the last year of his life, retained his memory. His strongest beverage was small beer.

Mrs. Watkins lived to the age of one hundred and ten years. She resided at Glamorganshire.

She was remarkable for regularity and moderation, and for the last thirty years she subsisted entirely on potatoes.

Rebecca Pavey died in the year 1795, at the age of one hundred and six. She lived at Norton Folgate. She is said to have cut

two new teeth at the age of one hundred and two, and had all perfect, except two, at the time of her death.

Not a single wrinkle was to be seen in her countenance. She kept her bed but three days before her decease.

Susan Mills died at the age of one hundred and two, in the year of 1796. She resided in a house called the Ship-meadow Lock-house, on the Bungay navigation. Her husband was manager at the locks for Sir John Dalling's grandfather, in the year 1715, who was then proprietor of that navigation.

This instance of longevity seems to contradict the opinion, generally received, of the unwholesomeness of low, marshy situations, her residence being mostly surrounded by floods throughout the winter.

Mr. Charles Macklin, of James Street, Central-garden, London, an eminent dramatic writer, and celebrated comedian of Covent-garden Theatre, died at the age of one hundred and seven.

In the former part of his life, till about the age of forty, he lived very intemperately and irregularly; subsequent thereto he determined to live by rule, which he carefully observed.

It was his frequent custom to promote perspiration, and then change his linen, particularly as he advanced in life.

He was moderate at his meals, but in a way abstemious, and ate fish, flesh, and other kinds of food he liked, till the age of seventy, when finding that did not agree with him, he used, as a substitute, milk, with a little bread boiled in it, sweetened with brown sugar.

He lost all his teeth about the year 1764, and was thereby obliged to subsist principally on fish, eggs, puddings, and spoon food, which luckily he was very fond of.

For the last forty years of his life, his principal beverage was white wine and water, pretty sweet.

He was attacked with a severe fit of rheumatism in the year 1770, and, in consequence to avoid it, discontinued the use of sheets, and slept in blankets.

It was his custom not to sleep on a feather bed, but on a mattress, which was on a couch, without curtains, placed in the centre of the room, and on which he reposed whenever he found himself sleepy ; he usually lay with his head high, but, for the last twenty years never took off his clothes, unless to change them, or his linen, or to be rubbed all over with warm brandy or gin ; a custom he

often repeated, and occasionally steeped his feet in warm water.

He observed with the greatest strictness the dictates of nature; ate when hungry, drank when thirsty, and slept when sleepy.

Mr. Humphries, a carpenter, of Newington, near London, was so void of curiosity that he never was a mile distant from the house in which he was born.

He died at the age of one hundred and two.

John Wilson, formerly a blacksmith of Sosgill, Cumberland, died at the age of one hundred.

His beverage was milk or water, with the exception of two glasses of ale, and one glass of spirituous liquor.

F. O'Sullivan, of Beerhaven, in Ireland, died at the age of one hundred and eleven.

He retained his mental faculties to the last moment.

For the last fifty years he lived chiefly on fish, of which he was very fond, particularly maiden reas.

Dennis Carroll, a farmer of Ballygurton, County of Kilkenny, had accustomed himself to regular temperance and exercise, and thereby never experienced an hour's sickness during the whole of his very long life. He

died at the great age of one hundred and eighteen.

John Reside, a farmer of Dramul, in Scotland, died at one hundred and two. His long life adds another instance to the many which have been recorded of the effects of temperance upon the human frame.

He was temperate in all his meals, and enjoyed uninterrupted good health till near the time of his death.

He was, perhaps, never intoxicated in his life.

Mrs. Burnett, of Lignageeragh, in Ireland, died at the age of one hundred and sixteen. She was a woman of uncommon shrewdness and activity, benevolent, and, as far as her means would permit, very charitable.

In her habits of diet, she was very temperate; she lived chiefly on potatoes and milk, and stirabout; never drank spirits or beer, but sometimes a glass of sweet wine, of which she was fond. She was (like most other long-lived people) an early riser, and took regular but not violent exercise. For the last twenty years of her life she seldom failed to walk from the cottage where she lived to Edgeworth's town, a distance of about an English mile, over a rough stony road. To the last of her long life she pre-

served her memory, which possessed the uncommon faculty of retaining recent circumstances as well as those which happened in her youth.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fletcher, of Gay's-hill, Jamaica, died at the amazing age of one hundred and twenty.

She retained all her faculties, enjoyed a good appetite, and possessed her usual flow of spirits to the period of her death, and did the duties of her domestic concerns till the last three years; she was of a lively and cheerful disposition.

Elizabeth Beech, of Market Drayton, died at the age of one hundred and four. She was born in the sixth year of the reign of Queen Anne, and fully remembered the coronation of King George I., which happened when she was about six years of age.

She disliked broth, tea, and all kinds of stimulants. She ate the coarsest food, such as potatoes and bacon, on which she fed heartily; of late she abstained from cheese. She possessed her memory and eyesight unimpaired till within a year or two of her death.

Moses Gomez Carvallo, of Amsterdam, died at the age of one hundred and seven.

He was a native of Portugal, but emigrated

from thence on account of his religion in 1729. He was twice married; his eldest son died at the age of seventy-eight, when his youngest daughter was only twenty-two. He enjoyed all his faculties till the moment of his death. He never lost a tooth or used spectacles. His drink was milk and water, with a very small glass of brandy, which he took daily.

Anne Henley, of Smart's Buildings, London, died at the age of one hundred and four.

She had enjoyed an uninterrupted state of health till within six days of her death, and retained her faculties in full vigor till within a few hours of her end.

Her beverage to her fortieth year was whey, which she discontinued on coming to London.

The latter part of her life she received something weekly from the parish, but supported herself chiefly by making pin-cushions, which she made neatly without the aid of glasses.

She used to sit at various doors in Holburn to sell her cushions; was short in stature, always wore a gray cloak, and was as mild and modest in her deportment as she was cleanly in her person.



Mrs. Clarke, of Stonehouse, Kent. She was at the battle of Fontenoy with her husband. She lived over one hundred years.

Tea was her constant beverage, and she asserted that she never drank either beer or spirits.

The following sketch of an aged person, which appeared in the *Press* of April 23, 1895, proves that there are still people among us who observe the rules of health:

“Catherine Scott, who was said to be the oldest woman in Brooklyn, died at No. 64 Columbia Street yesterday, aged one hundred and three years. She was a remarkable person in many ways. Her eyes never failed her, and her memory was excellent. Things which happened seventy-five years ago were as fresh in her mind as those of recent date.

“Mrs. Scott was a woman of excellent judgment, and her neighbors for miles around sought her advice. She lived a most methodical life. Every day she breakfasted at six o'clock, dined at noon, and had tea at six o'clock. She was of a cheerful disposition, and moved about as rapidly as women half her age. Occasionally she drank a glass of ale, which she characteristically explained ‘did her a power of good.’

“She was a native of Ireland, and had lived in Brooklyn almost sixty years. She was married in 1821, the year Napoleon died at St. Helena, which she remembered distinctly. She was the mother of four children, all of whom died long ago. She never worried. There was no sign of care on her face, which was almost free from wrinkles, and her head contained not a single gray hair.

“The venerable woman retained all her faculties to the last. A few moments before she died she called a grandson to her bedside.

“‘Kiss me, my child,’ she said. ‘I shall not live long.’”

THE END.













